

SAILORS THE MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "F. T." A CLERGYMAN, FORMERLY AND NOW
IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

We reprint the following interesting autobiographical sketch from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for July, 1867, merely adding, that its writer, upon being licensed to preach the Gospel, after a thorough collegiate and theological preparation, went upon a two year's service among seamen at Hilo, H. I., returning thence to become a pastor in Connecticut. At the instance of the Valparaiso, S. A., Union Church Missionary Society, he has just been appointed a chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at that increasingly important seaport, for which he is to sail in a few weeks. He who "seeth the end from the beginning" has manifestly ordered this life, and its usefulness may be counted upon.

At the early age of thirteen years I ran away from a home hallowed by the presence and prayers of a godly mother. The character, which hitherto had been so carefully and prayerfully trained, I now took into my own hands, to shape according to my own unsanctified notions.

I was dedicated to God from infancy. Through the faith of my mother in the Covenant, I was set

apart for the Gospel ministry, and her prayers and efforts were directed to this end. As she assembled the family around the altar for prayer, she would daily renew this consecration. But, as I grew up, a deep and secret purpose took possession of my heart, that those vows should never be realized, those prayers never answered. *A minister of the gospel I never would be*; and to secure this end, I de-

terminated never to become a Christian, at least as long as my mother lived. I began to cast about me, how to accomplish this. The prayers of my mother were getting to be too strong for me; my heart would at times almost give way. The tender, earnest pleading, the copious tears, the affectionate appeal, the loving "God bless you," with the good-night kiss, were too much for my rebellious heart to resist. At times I would be melted into tears, and sob myself to sleep, yet *I determined never to yield*;—for, for me to become a Christian was to become also a minister; and this I had vowed never should be. I loved my mother, but hated God and His truth.

To defeat my mother's purposes and to secure the success of my own, became now the ruling thought of my life;—how to accomplish this was my daily meditation.

Going to Sea.

I was at this time visiting a brother in Connecticut. I thought the time had come to put into execution a plan which I had been for months maturing. This was to go to sea, and that against the known wishes of my mother and friends. I did go; and Boston, Mass., was my port of departure.

I soon found, however, that escaping from the presence of my mother was one thing, but to escape from her *prayers* quite another. These rung in my ears constantly; and many were the reproaches of conscience which I felt as I went from office to office looking for a ship. She seemed to be in league with God, and both against me. After some delay, however, I secured a place on board a ship bound to Ireland. I now considered myself on the

high-road to success; and a severe fit of sea-sickness and rough treatment, were not sufficient to make me think otherwise.

Upon reaching Dublin, I ascertained that our ship was expected to go to Havre, France. This pleased me well; and here I expended all the money I could get on the purchase of infidel books. With these "strong-holds" in my possession, I put to sea again, intending to intrench myself behind them. Most sedulously did I apply myself to their study. On our arrival in Havre, we found orders awaiting us to pursue our voyage to Buenos Ayres, for which we sailed. From Buenos Ayres we started for home. In the meantime I had made considerable progress in the philosophy of my chosen teachers, and already began to feel something of security, and not a little pride. But, in the providence of God, this was destined to be of short duration.

Wrecked.

As we approached the Azores Islands, on our passage home, we were overtaken by a severe gale of wind, which resulted in the total loss of the ship, cargo and twelve men, just half of our crew. The hand of my mother's God was laid upon me. The Jonah was found out, and, although I did not confess it, I felt it to be true. My "comforting companions," the infidel books, went with the wreck where they belonged, but I was saved from death, with some others of the crew,

But, with God's gracious deliverance, came also the old pride and stubbornness of heart. I reached home after a year's absence, to find my dear mother still alive, still praying for her recreant son, still holding on to the "Cov-

enant promises." She was, however, on her dying-bed. With what solicitude she questioned me in regard to my religious state! In the silent hours of the night, as I sat by her sick-bed, how was my soul stirred by the touching appeal, the tender look, and agonizing prayer! The struggle I endured no tongue can tell.

But there was no surrender of the heart to God. At length the hour of her dissolution drew near; and, after she had spoken her last words to my brothers and sisters, I approached her bed-side, to receive her parting blessing and injunction. Looking me full in the face, she said:—"Be a good boy, assume your obligations to God, meet your mother in Heaven, and promise me you will never follow the sea." I assented and made the promise. It then seemed to me that I must be a Christian, or all would be lost. I was greatly broken down, but I was not subdued. Within six months from this time I found myself on the road to New York, to take ship again. I had forgotten my mother's last words, and my promise to her. Indeed I found it almost impossible to live at home, and not become a Christian, for, turn where I would, every thing had my mother's image upon it, and every nook and corner echoed with her prayers.

Sails Again.

But, upon the morning on which I sailed out of the harbor of New York, for a long voyage,—as I looked over the ship's side, to gain a last view of the receding land, now almost out of sight, there flashed upon my mind a mother's dying injunction, and the remembrance of a broken promise, producing upon me such impressions

as incapacitated me for duty nearly a whole week. Never can I correctly portray the storm of feeling which raged within me during those few days. Those feelings pursued me constantly for the ensuing seven years, until I was brought, broken and subdued, to the feet of Jesus.

God Follows Him.

The immediate providences which led to this event are as follows:—

About five years subsequent to the death of my mother, I was cruising in the Indian Ocean; and, upon a beautiful Sabbath morning in the month of October, seeing a ship in the distance, we raised sail and bore away for the stranger. On approaching, we discovered that she had no sails set. We could not account for this. The first thought was perhaps the crew had mutinied, murdered the officers, and escaped in the boats. Then we thought,—perhaps the vessel is in distress of some sort. But this was dissipated, on our nearer approach, by the absence of any sign of such distress. We crowded all sail, and steered directly for the object of our curiosity. Upon drawing near we discovered persons moving about on her decks. This set us to conjecturing again; and, when within about three miles, we cleared away a boat to board the stranger. It became my duty to put my captain on board, with the small boat. I have reason to bless God every day of my life for the wonderful providence which directed me to that strange ship. Imagine our surprise, when we climbed the ship's side and jumped upon her decks, to see the men all in clean clothes, faces washed and shaven, hair combed, and books or papers in their hands, reading. I felt a lit-

tle ashamed of my own personal appearance.

A Strange Ship.

As we approached them with our greetings and inquiries, largely interlarded with oaths, we were still more astonished to see some of them put their finger to their lips, and look curiously at us, and then toward the quarter-deck, where their captain stood. The riddle was soon solved, for directly I turned around, and a board nailed to the main-mast, in plain sight, caught my eye, with this sentence painted upon it:—

*"No profanity will be allowed
on board this vessel."*

The first thought which struck me on seeing this was that we had fallen in with some missionaries on their way to their field of labor. But, on explanation, I found the vessel to be an American whaler cruising for whales, and that her captain was a Christian man; that never since his conversion had he sailed his ship on the Sabbath, never did any work on that day, which was not essential for the safety of the ship and crew; that he conducted divine worship every Sabbath, reading a sermon, and holding a Bible class for the study of the scriptures, in the cabin, gathering around him, of his officers and men, as many as would engage in this service. He always made one stipulation with every officer and man whom he shipped. This was, that they should not swear while on his vessel. If they would not comply with this they could not sail with him. I afterward learned that this captain was very successful, making better voyages than many of those who did not observe the Sabbath, and that he was a per-

fect disciplinarian, all his men loving him.

We stayed but a short time on board; and, upon leaving, my captain invited Captain S. to visit our ship on the morrow, if we should be in sight. God, in His providence, meant that this visit should be made, for He had purposes of mercy toward some of us. He sent a dead calm that night, so that in the morning the two ships were in plain sight of each other. Captain S. came on board in the morning, and, a breeze springing up, we sailed in company that day. My position in the ship was such as to give me a place in the cabin, and of course I heard what passed in conversation, although not a party to it. My captain, whose name was H—, produced his wines and cigars to entertain Captain S., but Captain S. politely, yet firmly, refused to indulge in these things, saying it was against his principles. "Why," says Captain H., "what sort of a man are you? You don't sail your ship on Sunday, you don't drink, you don't swear; how do you manage to enjoy yourself? Why, I should die if I couldn't have something to drink, and plenty of tobacco; and, as for swearing, that is my prerogative. I shipped to do the swearing on this vessel, and I mean to do it." "Well," said Captain S., "I did the same for many years; but I have seen both the sin and folly of such a course, and am now trying to live a different life." Captain H. looked at him inquiringly, as much as to say,—how did this strange thing happen?

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Captain S. continued:—"When I sailed from New Bedford, Mass.,

a few years ago, I was a very wicked, cruel man. I shipped as my cabin-boy a lad who was an orphan, and even without family friends, but he was a Sabbath school scholar; and his teacher came with him to the ship, and saw him comfortably provided with those things which are necessary for so long a voyage as we were about to make. I did not like to have anything to do with those canting religionists, and therefore did not want to take the boy at first; but he was very anxious to go, and was withal a very bright, active-looking boy.

"Before we sailed, Eddie's teacher brought him a little library of tracts and some singing books; and, before leaving him for the last time, she took him into his little room (which was in the cabin), and most earnestly commended him to God in prayer, and then charged him to stand up for his Savior's honor on board the ship. I regretted taking the boy on board, as I foresaw I was likely to have trouble with him; but I concluded to *swear him down*. We were out but a few days when I discovered something which annoyed me very much. For several evenings, during the 'dog watch,' I had heard a strange sort of singing forward among the men; and having occasion to go forward one evening while they were thus engaged, I found Eddie among them, with his religious song-books, training them to sing. They were all gathered around him, while he was leading in the song. He had his Bible and his tracts with him also, of which I afterward learned he made constant use. I made up my mind to break up this sort of thing: so I forbade Eddie going forward any more among the men, unless on duty.

"He obeyed me, but took it so to heart, and prayed about it so pitifully, and so annoyed me, reading his Bible aloud in his room (for it was separated from mine only by a thin board partition), that I concluded to let him go on with his 'preaching the Gospel,' as he called it.

"For this kindness he repaid me by bringing all his artillery to bear upon myself; and frequently he would check me for my profanity, saying the Bible condemned it, &c. This set my blood boiling with indignation, to think that my cabin-boy should presume to rebuke *me*. If he had been one of my men who did it, I would have flogged him within an inch of his life. But he was such a manly little fellow, and carried himself so nobly, and obediently, otherwise, that I could not find it in my heart to flog him, although I was often angry enough to do it. One reason for this anger was that the young rascal used to read and pray aloud for a whole hour every night before retiring, and about half of this time was spent in prayer for *me*, and my men. Often did I lie, and roll and turn restlessly in my bed, for hours after the boy was asleep. Something disturbed me, and at that time I knew not what it was. At length Eddie was taken sick; I did everything for him that I could, but still he failed every day. I began to feel that he was in danger, and could not think of losing him, for insensibly he had won my affections. At last he became very ill; and as I would go in to see him every evening before retiring, to ask if he wished anything, he would look up cheerfully into my face, and say:—'No, I thank you; only won't you read me a chapter out of my Bible?' And pulling it

out from under his pillow he would thrust it into my hand. I had to do it, much against my will, for I could not refuse the boy; he was so good. After reading to him his own selection, I would help him to get on his knees, in his little bed, while he prayed (for he felt as though he could not pray unless in this attitude). All this nearly broke my poor old heart," said Captain S. as the tears chased each other in quick succession down his weather-beaten cheeks. "For," said he, "I had a little son at home, nearly Eddie's age. One evening I went in as usual to read and bid him good night. He was very much worse; he could not pray on his knees that night; and as I was about to leave him for the night he says:—'Oh! Captain, won't you pray with me to-night? I am very sick; I think I am going to die.' This was too much for me, and my old heart broke down. I told him I could not pray, I never had learned, and did not know how, and moreover I was afraid my officers would hear me. But he persisted in saying:—'Captain, do pray with me.' So down I got on my knees, by his bed-side, and taking his little hand in both of mine, I tried, but succeeded only in a flood of tears. Eddie was really dying. He rallied a little just before death, and charged me most solemnly, before God, to read the Bible, leaving me his, as I had none of my own; and he exacted the promise from me that I would also pray for myself and try to become a Christian. I promised him all; and in a few minutes he expired in my arms. *And now, sir,*" said Captain S., *I am rejoicing in the same salvation and the same God that Eddie had.*"

Captain H. heard this through

in silence, and, it is to be hoped, not without profit. But however that may be, this simple story of Eddie's death and Captain S.'s conversion pierced through my guilty soul, and brought back, with all their power of accusation, my mother's prayers, her tears and her last injunction. My peace was gone. I loathed my favorite authors, and their philosophy and teachings became insipid. I knew there was no truth in them.

The Final Struggle and Surrender.

I became sour, morose, and nothing went right with me. I strove in vain, through song and jest with my companions, to rid myself of the impressions made by Captain S.'s story; and for almost a year after that I was in an agony of mind in regard to my relation to God.

About this time another circumstance occurred which fixed in my heart the truth heard incidentally from the mouth of Captain S. We were in the Pacific Ocean, and one day, while under a full head of sail, my duty called me aloft to attend to a piece of work on the extreme end of the "main-top-gallant-yard," about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. While attending to this duty I fell from the yard-arm into the water, and by one of those miracles of mind hard to be explained, all the incidents of my life passed in review: my early life, Sabbath school instructions, my mother's prayers, her death-bed; my wicked actions, great and small, every one in turn; my lost and abused opportunities; every thing, even the most minute affair of my life, all passed in review in the incredibly short space of time occupied in my descent. I felt that I was a lost man, falling into the jaws of hell; and more, I

felt that this was *just*. In the good providence of God my life was spared. I was again restored to the ship's decks and my duty. And now commenced the real battle for *life*. I was deeply convicted of sin; I felt its weight crushing me as it were. I tried to flee from my thoughts, but could not.

My sleep fled from me, and often did I pace the lonely decks in the night-watches, revolving this great subject in my mind. I tried to make myself believe that I had fallen into a morbid way of thinking, and by every means in my power, to rally, but in vain.

I was convinced that it was my duty to bow on my knees before God in prayer, and ask forgiveness through Jesus Christ. But this was just what I would not do. Often, in the lonely night-watches, when debating this very point with myself, the perspiration rolling down my face, would I say to myself,—“I will go and pray,” and start off to find a place where I would be unobserved; and as often would I turn back, and in the bitterness of my soul say:—“I will not pray.” I saw my Savior hanging on the cross. “I saw the blood,—I saw His wounds.” I saw my mother supplicating at the mercy-seat; but I disregarded all.

I remember one night in particular. It was my watch below, but I could not sleep. I came up on deck. I was approaching a crisis. I could not live so much longer. It was a beautiful night. I leaned my head upon the rail; I looked off upon the water, transformed into a mirror by the beams of the shining moon; I looked up to the heavens, and *I wept*.

I felt the drawings of the Spirit, and said:—“I will go and pray.” I started for the galley, where I might not be seen or heard; but,

wheeling around, all my hardness of heart returning, I stamped my foot upon the deck in a rage, and said:—“*I will not pray, no, not if God himself should appear before me and shake His thunders in my face.*” I went back to my place by the rail, and again I wept, and again started for the galley to pray.

By a desperate effort I gained the inside, and there *I did kneel down*. I took off my hat, I closed my eyes, and tried to pray. I opened my mouth, and said,—“Oh! Lord....” I stopped; I could go no farther! I was frightened at the sound of my own voice using the name of God in reverence! Why? I had not done such a thing for years, and then, too, I was on my knees. What did all this mean? I arose hastily and went out. No rest for me that night; but I felt that I had gained a victory; I could now kneel down before God.

That night I determined I would pray,—God helping me. I longed for the next night to come, so that I might again go before God in this way. It came. I went to the galley, but found it occupied by two shipmates, smoking. I then sought a place under the “top-gallant-forecastle-deck,” in the “lee scuppers;” but I could not hold my position there until putting a piece of rope in a ring-bolt over my head. By this means I knelt down and held on, and prayed, although I found no peace. It occurred to me that I had a Bible somewhere. I had not seen it for years; but I remembered that one was put into my chest. I sought for it; I read, and found much encouragement. My “Catechism,” which I had learned in early life, now came to my relief. For several weeks I read on, and

prayed on, but found no comfort. I determined, however, to hold on to prayer, even though God should send me to hell.

At this juncture of affairs I opened my Bible one night to read. I read on till I came to this verse:—"And all things, whatsoever, ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive." This showed me, by the help of the Divine Spirit, just where I was standing. I had been praying to God with the feeling that *perhaps* He would

grant me my request. I had a notion that it was necessary for me to be kept in a state of uncertainty and anguish for a certain time before God could relieve me.

But this Scripture showed me how I was dishonoring God by not believing. I at once closed my Bible, went up on deck, sought my place of prayer, and there I found peace through the blood of Christ. I then felt willing to become anything for Christ, my dear Savior's sake.

From *The Evening Post*.

NAVAL LIFE AND ROUTINE.

CONDITIONS OF THE SERVICE—GRADES AND RANKS—THE STORY
OF A DAY ON BOARD SHIP—ETIQUETTE AND
MODE OF LIVING.

The band on the receiving-ship *Colorado*, at the Navy-yard, was playing

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

a few days ago, when a reporter of the *Evening Post* stepped on the deck of the steamship-of-war *Powhatan*, and it occurred to him that the average landsman has little knowledge or appreciation of the daily life and routine on board a naval vessel, or of the rules, regulations, disciplines, and practices there current. He reasons that the naval service is only a higher grade of the merchant marine, having more of regularity and discipline in its operation and much less of hard work and duty, since there are no cargoes to handle and a multitude of men to perform what little service may be demanded. He imagines that the principal difficulty is to find employment for the ship's company. He looks upon the officer's life as one of ease, fancying him an autocrat

on board ship and a petted dandy on shore. Such an estimate of this noble and busy service entirely disagrees with the facts in the case.

The naval service is not a school for idleness, nor is a naval vessel a theatre for comedy or farcical performances, or club-room for the use of aristocratic young gentlemen. The rules and regulations of the service are adjusted to a system of constant and sufficiently arduous activity; its discipline is iron; its duties are never-ending; even its etiquette has practical method and meaning. Neither do these conditions exist for the enlisted men of the navy alone. The officer, whatever his grade, finds always some power higher than himself set over him, to which he must render implicit and ready obedience. Moreover, he not only lives on board ship under all the conditions of labor, activity, and obedience which are imposed upon the men under him, but he has a

call upon his forces and energies which they have not—*i. e.*, the exercise of responsibility. There are, of course, pleasant and agreeable features in the life of a naval officer, but as long as he remains in the service he is the bondman of discipline, and is never allowed to forget his responsibility or that he is a working-bee in the great hive.

Rank and Grades.

Few persons understand the matter of grade and rank in the navy, although many may be familiar with titles and partly with their application. Officers are divided into the "line," "staff," "marine," and "warrant" officers. The line includes, in order, the admirals, commodores, captains, commanders, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, and midshipmen (the grade of master having been abolished by the last Congress). The staff officers include the engineer, medical, and pay corps. With the exception of the medical and pay corps, all of the above-mentioned are graduates of the Naval Academy, and, receiving their commissions directly from the President of the United States, with the approval of the Senate, are appointed for life. The marine officers belong to a distinctive corps, generally termed "sea soldiers," and receive their commissions from the Secretary of the Navy. They are appointed from civil life, although many members of that corps were at one time midshipmen and failed in their examinations. The warrant officers are the boatswains, gunners, carpenters, and sailmakers. The boatswains and gunners are generally promoted to those positions from among the apprentice boys of the training ships, or

from the enlisted men. The sailmakers and carpenters are appointed from civil life.

The petty officers form a lengthened list, and are, in grade, equivalent to the non-commissioned officers of the army. They include the master-at-arms, ship's-corporals, boatswain's, gunner's, carpenter's, and sailmaker's mates; quartermasters, coxswains, captains of the hold, top, forecastle, and afterguard; ship's writer, apothecary, machinists, boilermakers, cooks, stewards, "Jack-of-the-dust," etc.

Duties of a Day.

During peace activity on board a naval vessel begins at dawn of day. The boatswain blows his whistle at daylight and cries,—"All hands up all hammocks!" Within five minutes the sailors may be seen piling up on deck, each with his hammock neatly rolled and lashed, handing it to the stoker in the "netting," the long, box-like receptacle along the rail, where it remains until sundown, when it is taken down on the berth-deck again and made ready for occupation. Immediately after the hammocks are stowed the sailors get a pint of coffee and then turn to to "holy-stone" and wash down decks; or, if it is Monday, the sailors are first piped to "wash clothes," and lines may be seen running fore and aft, filled with cleanly-washed white and blue clothes, or scrubbed white hammocks. At "seven bells" (7:30 o'clock) the sailors are piped to breakfast, and those who are to go on watch at "eight bells" (8 o'clock) must be ready at that hour. At eight bells the ensign is hoisted at the peak, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the band, if on a flag-ship, or

drum and fife on others than flagships. At the same time the boatswain's whistle is heard, followed by the bellowing:—"All the watch; hold the reel; pump ship, and relieve the wheel." After breakfast the watch is employed in cleaning the brass-work and the guns, coiling ropes, and generally making the ship clean.

The officers not on watch do not generally rise until 8 o'clock, and then, after making their toilet, sit down to a cup of coffee and toast or fruit. At "two bells" (9 o'clock) the "assembly" is beat, and for the next two hours the crew are drilled at great guns or in the small arm, or sword manual. At "six bells" (11 o'clock) the officers have breakfast, a substantial meal. From this time until "four bells" in the evening (6 o'clock), the officers not on watch may occupy their leisure as they see fit. They may generally be found poring over their books or working out some problem, when at sea, to avoid being rusty for their next examination. If in port they may stroll on shore. At "two bells" (5 o'clock), is the officers' dinner-hour, and an hour afterward they drill the sailors in seamanship, making, reefing, furling, bending, or unbending sails, in boat exercise, or target practice.

Naval Etiquette and Way of Life.

Rank and naval etiquette are strictly enforced on board ship. None but the line and staff officers are permitted to walk on the quarter-deck,—the officer of the deck having the starboard side and the others the port side, when in harbor, and when at sea the officer of the deck taking the windward, and the others the leeward side. The captain enjoys the exclusive

use of the starboard side of the poop deck, and the other commissioned officers the port side. Forward of the mainmast all the officers have the exclusive right of way on the starboard or windward side of the deck, while the sailors must keep on the opposite side. In leaving or coming on board ship the same regulation is observed,—the line and staff use the starboard companionway, while the warrant officers and crew use the port ladder. Commissioned officers are received on board with the boatswain's pipe as a salute.

The captain messes alone in the cabin, having his own steward, cook, and waiter, and unless he invites some of the officers to dine with him at times (as often happens) he lives in this monotonous way. The line and staff officers, above the grade of ensign, constitute the "wardroom mess," and live in the main saloon of the vessel. The midshipmen and ensigns and other officers of assimilated rank form the "steerage mess;" and the warrant officers mess by themselves. The mess expenses of the wardroom will range from \$39 to \$45 a month, according to the station; those of the other messes about \$25 to \$30 a month.

The crew live between decks. They are divided into messes of about twelve men each, and, by contributing a small sum out of their monthly pay, are enabled to purchase a few delicacies to add to their Government rations of salt beef or pork, with fresh beef twice a week; potatoes, flour, pilot-bread, salt, pepper, molasses, vinegar, butter, coffee, and tea. On Sunday morning the crew are called to "quarters" for general inspection of person and clothing, and those who wish may attend the church services afterward.

Saturdays, after the general work is done, are semi-holidays, when the men lounge about, mend their clothing, read, and otherwise pass away the time. The pay of the crew ranges from \$9 50 for apprentice boys to \$26 per month for

an "able-bodied" seaman. The petty officers receive higher rates of pay. The sailors are permitted to draw monthly money, but a larger proportion of their pay is retained until the expiration of the term of enlistment.

MISS AGNES WESTON.

What Miss Robinson has been to Britain's soldiers, Miss AGNES WESTON has been to Britain's sailors. From the dreary Arctic Polo to the torrid zone, in every region the English sailor visits, her name is familiar as "the sailor's friend." A direct descendant of Raoul de Bailleul de Weston, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and received in reward for his services, a portion of the fair English land, she early showed herself possessed of a dauntless and spirited character, not unworthy of her pedigree. Born in London, she was still a child when her parents removed to a beautiful home in the neighborhood of Bath. Her father was a religious and scientific man, the fellow of several learned societies, who, in the midst of his studies, found time to watch over the education of his children. His daughter Agnes inspired his vigilant anxiety; from her earliest years she had manifested a wilful and energetic nature. A phrenologist who had examined her head in childhood, prognosticated that her career would be a remarkable one for good or evil. In the midst of pious surroundings, Agnes Weston kept up a rebellious attitude towards religion, until the age of sixteen, when, through the ministry of the new incumbent of the All Saints' Chapel, a change came over her spirit. It was no easy

matter for her strong nature to pass from antagonism to acceptance, and for ten years, a space she describes as one of mental anguish, she struggled with doubts, fears, and occasional despair.

During this period of spiritual contest, she devoted herself to the study of music. She became an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. J. K. Pyne, the organist of the Abbey church, and after him of Dr. S. Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral. She went to Gloucester to undergo the stern training the celebrated musician would alone give; and she astonished her fellow-pupils by the ardor of her study. Her days were spent in the organ loft; she practised till darkness filled the vast nave below, and she fancied she heard among the tombs, and on the stairs the footsteps of the ghostly Crusader who was said to haunt the cathedral. On her return home her father presented her with an organ that, built in London, had been fitted up for her in her family's charming country home, "Ensleigh," near Bath. There was much in this early life to show the need of artistic expression felt by her passionate nature, and that sincerity of soul which lead her inch by inch to fight her way to the possession of spiritual truth. All clouds of doubt having left her mind, she abandoned all conflicting interests, and

became zealous in fulfilling the Christian ideal of visiting the poor and sick, comforting the dying, and teaching the ignorant.

Her work in the senior boys' class of the Sunday-school developed into the formation of a class of working men. Renting a mission room she centered her activity in holding prayer-meetings, Bible classes, and temperance meetings for working men. She was singularly successful; the gatherings over which she presided were crowded, and rough men, whose lives were softened and elevated by her teaching, worked among their fellows, eager to bring them under the same influence. It was then that she acquired a knowledge of men's nature that guided her later appeals and fitted her for her life's work. She learnt here also the necessity of advocating total abstinence to those who could not moderate their drink. For some time she did not herself take the pledge, but one night an habitual drunkard, moved by her words, advanced to sign the pledge, pausing to ask—

"If you please, Miss WESTON, be you a titotaler?"

Her reply that she took a glass of wine in moderation sent him back, no arguments could do more than extract the promise that he would take a glass of wine in moderation like the lady. That night she put her name down in the pledge book, wishing that she had done so "before this poor fellow came forward." From that time she threw herself ardently into the temperance cause, and opened coffee rooms and reading rooms. These were especially started for the use of the Second Somerset Militia, and the officers testified that "the men were not like the

same fellows since Miss Weston had taken them in hand and kept them out of the public house." About this time also, her mission, unconsciously to herself, had begun among the sailors. It commenced in a singularly unprepared manner. If Miss Weston is gifted with eloquence, the power of her words lies in the subtle gift she possesses of touching the heart by the appeal of gentle associations. She is essentially personal in her addresses by word or pen. For some time past she had woven her experiences of sorrowful human nature into tracts, but it was by a more intimate and less conventional form of authorship that she was to acquire the influence she now wields over sailors.

Miss Weston's gift is that of letter writing,—homely, sympathetic, wise, comforting epistles, not unmixed with a dash of humor, and brightened with the story of every-day incidents. Such a letter she had written to a soldier going out to India in 1868, on board one of H. M. troop-ships. He showed it to a sailor, who, after he had read it, expressed, with glistening eyes, his "longing to receive such a letter as that." The soldier wrote to Miss Weston, telling her the seaman's words, and giving her his name. By the following post the sailor got a letter, and that letter became the germ of correspondence that now puts Miss Weston into communication monthly with thousands of sailors,—for the seaman, replying, had given her the names of mates who, like him, longed for a letter to lift the loneliness from their heart. So rapidly did this demand spread, that Miss Weston found it necessary to supplement autograph letters by issuing a monthly printed one. The first month's issue

was of 500 copies; it now reaches nearly a quarter of a million copies a year—and this implies a far larger reading public. The "blue-backs," thus called from their blue binding, with device of Bible, crown and sceptre, and Bible text, or motto on which the letter is based, are known in every ship, and in every sailors' hospital. The appreciation they meet is expressed by many touching incidents. At the request of the crew going on the Arctic expedition, a supply of "blue-backs" was sent out, that might serve for two years, stored in chests, and monthly distributed to the sailors. At Portsmouth Miss Weston, visiting the "sick-bay" of a man-of-war, came upon a sailor who was inspecting the treasures of his "ditty box." A "blue-back" was among them; it was the first he received, and it came to him in China. "When I die I should like it to be buried with me," he said, in conclusion to the story he told her of all that letter had done for him.

Next to this monthly issue of letters, Miss Weston has reached the sailors by holding meetings on board their ships of war. These meetings, held by the permission of the captains, have for their object the spread of temperance in the navy and the establishment of branch temperance leagues in the

service. In her journal Miss Weston recounts many vivid scenes and amusing incidents belonging to this phase of her work. Some of these find a place in the excellent account given of her life by her friend and co-worker Miss WINTZ. There, too, the story is told of the formation of the "Sailors' Rest," at Devonport, opened in May, 1876. The necessary £6,000 for the buying and fitting up of which, largely came from the coppers of the boys on training ships, from sailors in distant parts sending their "grog-money," and from the donations of officers. The Institute is a bright home, furnished and conducted according to the taste of sailors. Miss Weston and the ladies who help her live there at their own expense; she organizes the services, the meetings, the popular evening gatherings. Under her auspices similar homes have been formed, not in Sheerness and Portsmouth only, but all over the world; and, helped by the public, she yet hopes to start sailors' homes in various distant ports.

In this brief sketch of a noble life, we would wish to remind our readers that its work is crippled by lack of funds; and that, like the soldier, the sailor has peculiar claims in times of peace to be remembered by those he serves in war.—*London (Eng.) Queen.*

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

FORECASTLE REASONS FOR THINKING CERTAIN THINGS UNLUCKY.

The prevalent idea that superstition exists only among the very ignorant is far from true: yet, with the sailor, superstition seems to be inborn. Let one attempt to deny Jack's theory about "Davy

Jones's locker," in the bottom of the sea, and he will be met with strong, if not convincing argument that he is mistaken. Davy Jones is credited with having many set laws which, though they may be

unwritten, must be rigidly observed. To go to sea on Friday, the carrying of dead bodies at sea, the killing of a cat, the harming of one of "Mother Carey's chickens," the dropping of a water-bucket overboard while washing down decks, are believed to be offenses for which Davy Jones will demand satisfaction either by the sacrifice of one man, or the pulling of a ship and its entire crew into his locker.

The carrying of a corpse on the ocean longer than it is necessary to sew it up in canvas with heavy weights to insure its sinking below the depths which fish frequent, will cause a panic among a ship's crew. The killing of a cat on board a vessel is thought extremely unlucky, and woe to the person who should be found guilty of such an act. A naval vessel on a voyage from Peru to New York, by way of the Straits of Magellan, had on board an ill-tempered and generally disreputable cat which no one had any love for. This animal mysteriously disappeared one night after the vessel left Valparaiso, and though one of the firemen was suspected, the proof could not be obtained. For the remainder of the voyage the captain and several of the other officers as well as all of the sailors predicted that the vessel would surely be lost. They daily watched for the king of the mighty deep to appear and demand satisfaction for the crime; yet the vessel reached the New York Navy Yard after a remarkably pleasant voyage throughout. In this case the wives and sweethearts who had longingly waited for three years the ship's return were given the credit of hauling on her (imaginary) line and bringing her safely past Davy Jones's minions.

There is scarcely a sailor who does not verily believe that it is unlucky to go to sea on Friday, yet it has been asserted that the masters of some of our big steamships would as soon sail on Friday as on any other day. Yet the records of Fridays do not support the assertion and this can be seen by anybody who will peruse the ship news column of the Saturdays' papers. Let one go around among the officers of the many steamship lines, and see if he will find any whose vessels regularly sail on Friday. Only two weeks ago one of the large ocean steamships steamed away from her pier on Friday and anchored in Gravesend Bay until the following day, before she went to sea. It was said that the captain's excuse was "to make repairs," but it came from good authority that he had a strong aversion to starting on a voyage on Friday. The "ocean tramp" steamship *Rhimindda*, which was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast on Tuesday sailed from this port on the previous Friday. This superstition seems to prevail in yachting circles as well, and the question was asked a few days ago:—"When was there ever a yacht regatta on Friday?" Regattas do sometimes occur on that day, however, but it is seldom. For instance, of the many yachting contests in the country for this season Friday has been religiously avoided for all excepting by the Chicago and New Haven yacht clubs, which sailed their annual regattas on Aug. 3rd, and the Quincy (Mass.) yacht club, which appointed Aug. 10th. A well-known story is told of a captain who tried to prove that Friday was not an unlucky day. He laid the keel of a new ship at Hyannis, Cape Cod, on Friday, launched

her on Friday, named her *Friday*, and set sail on Friday. Her record was made complete when she was wrecked on Friday and everybody on board lost.

Jack has many curious ideas. For instance, if the moon has sharp horns it betokens fine weather; and if it is lying on its back with both horns up bad weather is at hand. When one of Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels, is seen near the ship, a storm is approaching, for these birds are rarely seen in fair weather. It is a forecastle notion that the petrel is so named from St. Peter, on account of its running with closed wings over the surface of the waves. This brought to mind the walking of St. Peter upon the water and, the sailors think the bird was therefore called "petrel" as a sort of diminutive of the Apostle's name. These birds have been known to follow vessels during a storm for many days, apparently with neither food nor rest, and without flapping their wings. If one of these little birds should be swept aboard in a great storm, as is frequently the case, no sailor will touch it.

The dolphin and porpoise are unwelcome to the sailor when they suddenly appear during a calm,

and, if they skip about, a severe gale is expected. If sharks follow a ship for several days it means that a death is to occur. Any one who has seen the haddock must have noticed a mark on each side of the gills. This, sailors assert, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb when he took the tribute money out of the mouth of the fish. This perhaps accounts for the belief of Scotchmen that it is the "richest" fish that was ever put on the table. The most superstitious sailors are the Scandinavians, who believe in the existence of Neck, a merman, having the head of a man and the flowing ringlets of a girl. Neck, wearing a red cap, sits upon the waves and plays upon the harp. His melody is so attractive that sailors become charmed by it, and in this way many have perished. The Norwegians are firm believers in the "kraken," a monster devil-fish whose body is over a mile long, only to be found in the deepest waters. It feeds upon fishes and devours whole schools at a time. Fishermen who have mistaken it for an island and taken refuge on its back, have been drowned in the whirlpool made by the sudden sinking of the monster.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"THANKSGIVING ANN."

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church

anthem that she used to sing somewhat in this wise;

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, don't play dar in the water, chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Take care that dressed baby!"

Here's some gingerbread for him."

Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed, unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe the Lord nuffin, an' wouldn't pay it if they did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known. However, Silas, long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a

curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving Ann sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearyed by his chase.

"Wa-ll, I come up with him,—told ye I would,—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a ginerous Jonation—equal to your master's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' about it a little beforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words.

.... "Wa-ll, now, I don't profess none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebby so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridgelow, dat it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest Friend—a calk'latin' dat He'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks don't always feel right," observed Silas,

dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of the hosses shall hab 'holiness to de Lord' on 'em? I Don't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carriages behind the hosses shall be goin' on His arrands, an' carryin', part of de time, de least of dese, His brederin'."

And she went in with her old song upon her lips.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I'se here all de time, an' sees de good clo's, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de times comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; an' He can send clo's to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well —taint *my* soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

New York Fifty Years Ago.

In March, 1833, a busy merchant called on me to secure my services to supply the destitute in the twelfth ward with Bibles, ten-

dering his horse and saddlebags for my use. He was vice-president of the Young Men's Bible Society, and is now well known in benevolent and financial circles. I accepted the trust, and filling the saddlebags with treasures more precious than gold, started for the assigned field, which was the whole island of Manhattan, between Fourteenth Street, King's Bridge, and the North and East Rivers. As I rode past Ninth Street a block of new buildings was noticed; then opened a broad expanse, the appearance of which will never be forgotten. Passing Fourteenth Street the nearest house was sighted, and soon reached; and the work began. The design was not mechanically to give the Bible to the destitute, but to improve the opportunity by giving such instructions as would impress the recipient with the value of the precious volume. The horse seemed to know that a good work was in progress, for I could leave him by the roadside, or in the open field, and he would patiently await my return. Days and weeks were thus pleasantly spent, till the scattered houses were all visited, and two hundred and seventy destitute families and individuals were supplied with the Bible. One day when weary, I ordered dinner at a hotel in Harlem. I found on the table a bottle of brandy, which was allowed to remain untouched, as the best way to promote temperance. No hotel proprietor would expose a bottle of brandy in that way now unless it was ordered and paid for.

From that day to this I have watched the changes in that ward. The Central Park now occupies a portion of the territory, and from the lower part have been taken four new wards, the residents of

which contribute a large proportion of the money received by benevolent organizations. Within that territory are located the Lenox Library, several hospitals, and many other institutions calculated to enlighten and bless the people.

There were then forty-eight officers and managers of the Young Men's Bible Society, eight of whom survive, viz., Wm. A. Booth, chairman of the Twelfth Ward Committee, Norman White,* F. S.

Winston, Charles A. Bulkley, John Wiley, Joseph H. Colton, James M. Halsted, and G. A. Rollins. Among the forty who have passed away are John Slosson, David Hoadley, Geo. D. Phelps, Alfred Edwards, and Wm. E. Dodge.—*L. P. Hubbard, in the New York Observer.*

President of the Young Men's Bible Society, from 1833 to 1836, and his active labors in this capacity peculiarly fitted him for his long and efficient service as Manager and Vice-President of the American Bible Society.

* Deceased, June 18th, 1883. Mr. White was

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

The last quarterly report of Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, missionary, states that during the previous three months he had preached in H., Astorp, Eskatorp, Glugstorp, and Wiken. In Helsingborg and Elsinore he visited vessels and called upon sailors. Hundreds of seamen were brought together at Wiken, and the temperance cause apparently made progress among them.

GEFLE.

In the latter part of the spring, and in the beginning of the summer season, ('83) Mr. E. ERICKSSON, sailor missionary, found a great number of vessels in harbor at G. and many sailors listened eagerly to the word of life; some were "anxious for their sins," and others rejoiced in the grace of Jesus Christ. Never before, he thinks, were there so many of the last class coming under his observation, as since the opening of this year. He adds:—

"Most of the vessels, which are loading here, take in cargoes of iron and timber for England, France and Spain. They

do this in the spring and go hence in the first part of the summer. After that there are but few vessels in the harbors. I, therefore, then go out in the country and visit the islands and the homes of the sailors. Thus I have lately visited Grosen, Soderon, Twarno, Wadon, Haveron, Limon and the towns Osthammer and Oregrund. Here God has granted me to preach the Gospel to sinners, who have listened with attention to the word.

"I have also made family visits, where I have spoken the word and lead in prayers with old sailors and with the women in their homes. Many of them are more accessible to the word than the young sailors."

STOCKHOLM.

In June, July and August, '83, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, visited, as usual, upon vessels. In company with another sailor missionary, he held meetings with sailors, speaking the word and praying. On board of an English vessel he met with Englishmen, and also Norwegian, German, Swedish and Finlandian sailors to whom, he says,—"I have testified of Jesus, and the Lord has blessed my visits among them.

"I visited on board three Norwegian vessels, where I found several believing sailors, and was much encouraged among

them to testify of Jesus. Then I visited on board Swedish vessels.

"June 23rd, I visited on an American frigate with 400 men in the ship's company. Among them I distributed tracts. I felt very happy to spread the word on an American ship. The officers were very friendly to me and the crew received my gifts with thankfulness, only one man being angry and despising the word. I was much encouraged by this visit among American sailors;—forgot that I was old and felt as if I had been young again, which we all will be when we come up to our Lord Jesus,—His name be praised!"

Denmark.

ODENSE.

The labors of Rev. F. L. RYMKER, sailor-missionary, for July, August and September included 337 visits to vessels, the sale of 30 Bibles and 28 Testaments, 706 portions of Scripture, and the distribution of 29,000 pages of tracts and other religious reading. He reports good progress as to the erection and outfit of a Sailors' Home at O., and asks for books, and for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, in connection with it.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, port missionary, in his last report says:—"The work both afloat and ashore is full of interest and encouragement. There is no lack of vessels to visit, and many opportunities offer themselves for conversation and exhortation among both officers and men.

U. S. Flag-ship Lancaster.

During the month of July the American war-ship *Lancaster* visited the Elbe and came up the river as far as Altona, and it was our privilege to go on board, taking with us suitable reading matter. We were cordially welcomed by the commanding officer and introduced to the Rev. W. F. MORRISON, chaplain of the ship, who showed us much attention, greatly assisting us in our work in distributing the tracts and books we brought with us. The men gratefully received the books, and our conversation with them, number-

ing nearly four hundred, was of an encouraging character. The chaplain is certainly doing a good work on board, and has introduced several good exercises for the moral and spiritual improvement of the crew, such as classes for instruction in various things, a Lending Library, etc. He is known to the Secretary and several friends of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of which he spoke in the highest terms, and some traces of the Society's good work I saw on board in both books and men. *In fact our visits to American vessels generally show that the Society is alive, is well known and much appreciated, and is doing good.* The Lord is honoring his servants who labor among the sailors.

The Sailors' Institute.

"Work on shore is not less interesting and important. Meetings in the Bethel are always well attended. The temperance meetings are doing their work. Visits to the Reading-room show how needful such an institution is in this city, while prayer meetings, experience meetings, and Bible readings help to remind us that there remains yet much to do for Jesus, and give new strength for the great work God has given us.

France.

MARSEILLES.

Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON, chaplain, in his last communication says:—

"I wish to express my deep sense of the Society's goodness in giving me such valuable and efficient support in my difficult mission here. Our Scripture Reader devotes from six to eight hours every day to his work among seamen. I can safely say that there is not a single British or American ship entering this port which is not visited either by the reader or myself, not unfrequently by both. Books and tracts are offered, and in the rare case where a sailor is without a Bible, he is encouraged to purchase one. The visitation of the sick in hospital and the evening service in the Home I retain in my own hands. I have paid forty-six visits to the hospital and twenty-four to the prison, during the last half year. There are on an average about seven seamen in hospital.

"The evening services are increasingly attended, and so earnest is the attention of the sailors and so great their pleasure

in them, that one only regrets that the little congregation is ever changing. One can only sow in faith and sometimes in tears."

to have a missionary to assist him in the harbor work, so that instead of Mr. B. crossing Mr. Jones' path twice a week, this missionary and he will be rubbing shoulders every day of the week."

Italy.

GENOA.

Writing October 2nd., Rev. DONALD MILLER, chaplain, says:—

"Last Sunday night when I went to the Bethel I found two British men-of-war's men among the other sailors, of whom there were about forty, I should think. Mr. JONES informed me that besides being both earnest Christians, one of them was quite able to address the meeting if I thought fit to give him an opportunity of saying a few words at the close of the service. I felt at once that every one present would be pleased to see the man-of-war's man in the pulpit, so I told him that I would be glad if he would take my place, for I was sure it would do good to all the sailors present to hear a sailor witnessing for Christ. He consented, and from the text, *Sir, we would see Jesus*, preached a most excellent sermon, not only with the earnestness of a living Christian, but with an ease and precision of diction which some trained preachers of the Gospel might well envy.

"At the close I urged all present to follow the example of him who had spoken, by witnessing for the truth, if not by preaching, by a holy and consistent life, for thus only would they give their shipmates occasion to 'see Jesus.' After the benediction was pronounced nearly all present remained to enjoy Christian fellowship and the singing of hymns, a ship owner playing the harmonium.

"The Sunday before that we had a good meeting also. The subject of my discourse was *God or Baal*,—and when Mr. Jones asked those who then wished to decide to be on the Lord's side to hold up their hands that special prayer might be offered for them, twelve sailors did so.

"Thus the work goes on *encouragingly as seen in the Bethel*. Mr. Jones knows more than I do about the *discouragements* one meets on board the ships, and in contact with the many who 'care for none of these things.' But the Lord knows His own, and He is graciously helping us to reach them. To Him the praise.

"I understand that Mr. BAYLEY, the Episcopal clergyman here, is, this month,

From the journal of Mr. J. C. JONES, sailor missionary and colporteur, during the month of August last, we quote:—

May God Bless You!

"*Monday, 6th.*—Had a very nice little Gospel meeting in the evening. I felt there were those there that needed and indeed were thirsting for the Gospel in terms that they could understand and embrace, and I was not disappointed. The young sailor spoken of last night grasped my hand and with tears running down his cheeks said,—' May God for ever bless you! I have got a ship and shall leave to-morrow morning, don't forget to pray that I be kept faithful. I shall try to get home to my friends in Canada where I shall have much to put up with, for they are all Catholics.' I exhorted him to show his Christianity in love and forbearance. A young sailor from the *Etna* said,—' These have been two happy days for me.' Another from the *S. S. B.*—said,—' Christianity must be the right thing, you all seem happy, and I am sure my old mother is happy, and please God I am going to try if it is true what you say, that a man can be a Christian at sea.'

"Never Saw Such Transformation."

"*Tuesday, 21st.*—The steamer *Black Watch* being released from quarantine, I visited her this morning and my reception was most cordial. I was heartily thanked for the reading matter I had sent off to beguile the weary days in quarantine. A young engineer said,—' I am going to stay at home to pass for chief this time, and I may thank you that I am able to do so, for before I knew you I never was a penny above a beggar, but since I signed the pledge with you, I have saved fifty pounds, and what is more I have knocked off swearing and love to read my Bible.' The mate said,—' Our captain has been talking about you all the voyage, especially while we were in quarantine, and he heard a fellow cheer at sight of you. He never will be prejudiced against missionaries any more until he has found them out, for he never saw such a transformation in a ship in his life.'

"Will Never Forget You."

"*Thursday, 23rd.*—Visited the *Black Watch* on the point of sailing. The captain said that at the request of his men another contribution to the Bethel had been made and he handed me thirty francs, or rather his wife did, saying,—‘I wish it was more, yours is a noble work. I expect many a poor wife and mother have cause to thank God that ever their husbands and sons met with you, I know it is the case in this ship.’ A young sailor ran to me as I was going over the gangway and pressed my hand saying, ‘God bless you, Mr. Jones, I may never see you again as I’ll try for a situation on shore, but I’ll never forget you.’"

Busy.

"*Tuesday, 28th.*—I have been busily engaged the whole of this day among the steamers and have received many tokens that the work is being blessed of God,—perhaps not such tokens as the general public would feel interested in, but small signs such as would gladden a worker."

NAPLES.

In his last quarterly report, Mr. S. BURROWES, harbor missionary, writes that in the previous three months, he had held 27 public services on board ships and at the Bethel, with a total attendance of 1,020. His visits to ships numbered 426; to hospital, 5. He distributed 2,320 tracts and books, 30 Scripture portions and Testaments, and administered 170 temperance pledges. The following excerpts give a picture of his daily work.

"*April 2nd.*—Visited *S. S. Trinacria*, bound for New York with emigrants; got 13 seamen to take the temperance pledge.

"*April 18th.*—The annual meeting of the mission was held in the Bethel. Many friends from the city were present, and the proceedings were enthusiastic. The English and American ministers were all in unity and love, and spoke encouragingly of the progress of the work in the harbor.

"*May 27th.*—Visited the orient ship *Cuzo* bound for Australia with many passengers, had a precious service on the deck, a boat full came to the Bethel where another meeting was held. Hundreds of tracts and little books were thankfully received.

"*June 3rd.*—This day, Sunday, only

one would come to morning service in the Bethel. This one, a God fearing engineer, had prayer with me; another friend came from the shore and we held our usual service. In the evening the attendance was large both from the ships and from the city.

"*June 11th.*—Visited K.— in hospital. He fell from a mast upon the iron deck, he had been in a good situation in Boston, went to sea, was wild, left here resolved to live a better life.

A Chosen Vessel—Temperance Work.

"*June 12th.*—Mr. N.— of *S. S. E.* professed faith in Christ. This friend is highly gifted, well educated, a good linguist, knows music and loves it, had been successful in reforming the crew in moral principles but up to this time he was sceptical of several religious doctrines. Mr. N.— was much stirred up the previous Sunday evening in the Bethel. The whole crew (20) were there, even the boatswain, a professed atheist, attended, and all seemed under the power of the Holy Spirit. Mr. N.— is of an old English Roman Catholic family, was educated from that church. He found out some things which he could not adhere to, and worked his way to sea, because he was discarded by his family. He is of noble principles, and will, through divine grace, make a useful worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

"The temperance movement is making rapid progress here and there is great need of it as much harm has been done through the curse of the Anglo-Saxon race,—strong drink."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

At their regular meeting, September 26th, 1883, the Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY appointed Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, pastor of the Congregational Church at Wilton, Conn., to be their chaplain for seamen at this most important station. Readers of the MAGAZINE will be interested to identify him as the writer of the autobiographical sketch with which this present number is opened, and in the light of its intensely interesting record will look with expectancy for marked good to the cause of Christ from his labors.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

In April, May and June, Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, missionary, held 106 services, afloat and ashore; visited 39 ships, paid 2 visits to the hospital and 16 to the prison. Attendance on the Mission Room religious services aggregated 1,134; visitors to the Reading Room numbered 60 officers and 868 men. The missionary

desires that a false impression, possible to be taken out of a letter printed in the MAGAZINE for May, be avoided, and therefore we say that "The Total Abstinence Society of Japan," to which reference was then made, long since gave over its work in Temperance Hall, and ceased to exist. The building is now leased by Mr. A., and is well furnished for the work done by himself and wife.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA's quarterly missionary report from the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., says:—

"We thank the LORD that some sailors have received the glad tidings of 'good news,' given evidence of accepting the truth as it is in Jesus, and borne testimony of his power to save.

Another "Saved, Body and Soul."

"Among the number of special cases at the Sailors' Home was Mr. A., late sailmaker of the British bark *Perseverance*, burned in Brooklyn in the month of July. According to his own statement he had to jump overboard to save his life. The crew were sent to the Home, during their stay here. The sailmaker was a faithful attendant on the means of grace, the result of which was manifest in his conversion to Christ. Before leaving the Home he testified as follows:—'I have every reason to thank God that I came to this Home. Since I came and have attended the meetings in the chapel, and in the little upper room, the spirit of God has entered my heart and I have become reconciled. I have been a great sinner but the Lord has forgiven me my sins. I can now go home to England and tell my dear wife that I am saved, soul and body.'

"He thanked the Lord again and again, asking us to pray for Him. In a letter lately received from him, he blessed God for his safe arrival in England, and for His goodness to him, and begs to be remembered at the throne of grace.

Conversions to Christ, Etc.

"A young Swede, who was for a long

time in the Seamen's Hospital, in attending our meetings received the message of salvation, and ever afterwards, on all occasions, gave evidence of the power of Jesus to save. A Norwegian told us that he had become a changed man before going to sea. Besides these a number of others have professed to be greatly benefitted during their stay with us at the Home.

"Letters from seamen from the different parts of the world declare that the Bible is their writers' guide,—that Jesus is their best friend, that they wish they were back to attend the means of grace.

"During the past three months quite a number of men have signed the temperance pledge and become total abstainers. Meetings at the Home, though at times not largely attended, have been very spiritual. And we believe that when God shall make up His jewels many will be able to say that they were here born again.

"As usual I have visited the hospitals, vessels and boarding-houses, and through the kindness of the Society's aid have helped seamen's widows and orphans."

The report of Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, for July, August and September, '83, declares:—

Visits Welcomed.

"This last quarter I have been enabled to prosecute my labors as usual, on board of vessels (of all classes) lying on the water front between Atlantic Avenue ferry and Hamilton Avenue ferry, South Brooklyn, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front. Also on the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, Eastern District,—and on the water front between Grand Street ferry

and Stanton Street, East River, N. Y., supplying officers and seamen with religious reading, inviting them to attend religious services, or giving words of Christian counsel. To the families on board of canal-boats and barges I further gave invitation for their children to attend Sabbath school. During all these visits, with but one exception, none of the counsel, invitations or religious reading were disregarded, but on the contrary were readily and kindly received. The one exception was a Roman Catholic family; as in former visits offering the same plea,—‘We have our own books to read, and our own church to attend,’ although they said nothing against several illustrated religious papers, for young and old, which I had given from time to time to their children, who were delighted and carried them to the cabin where, no doubt, their parents thoughtfully perused them. In this case I believe silence gave consent for a continuation of similar distribution.

Hospitals, Etc.

“ My visits to the Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, N. Y., and to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, E. D., have been the same. The religious reading, papers, SAILORS’ MAGAZINES, LIFE BOATS, etc., are still read with much interest, and the scrap books donated by kind friends of seamen add greatly to the enjoyment of the patients. The books comprising the library, also given by a friend and under charge of Mr. FINLAY, steward of the Marine Hospital, are well read and cared for. In my visits here I engage frequently in words of counsel, sympathy and prayer at the bedside of the sick. Each succeeding visit shows good results, with an additional blessing to my own soul.

“ In a visit to the graveyard I found, of the many graves of seamen from all parts of the world, but twelve headstones standing, with inscriptions in full, that mark the resting place of these ‘toilers of the sea.’ It was cheering to read such words as these:—‘ He died in the hope of a blessed resurrection through Christ.’ A blessed sentiment:—

“ To meet the eye that long hath wept,
The heart that yet doth mourn
For absent ones who long have slept
Secure from ocean’s storm.”

In Boarding Houses.

“ My visits to sailor boarding houses have been of the same character as those

to vessels, and have led many to the religious services held especially for seamen. After these services close, during the after-meetings, some give good evidence of having accepted the Savior.”

Rev. F. M. KIP, D. D., who has been commissioned by our Board of Trustees to visit the sick in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Stapleton, S. I., formerly the “Seamen’s Retreat,” reports:—

“ My work has been interesting,—increasingly so to myself,—and not without some visible benefit to those who are under my charge.

Kindly Received.

“ Being without a chapel or any room where I may gather the men together for devotional services, my ministrations are confined to visits to the men in their respective wards and personal conversations with them individually. With a very few exceptions I have found them perfectly willing to listen to me, attentive and in many instances interested. To all I have given tracts and to every one who would receive them either a Bible or New Testament. These have not been refused by more than three or four. In some instances grateful acknowledgments have followed the gift. Patients are continually being discharged and others admitted. Some will remain a very few days, while others are under medical care for months. On every one, as far as possible, I urge immediate submission to Christ. What will prove to be the result of such interviews must be left to the future to reveal. We are to ‘sow beside all waters.’ In most instances I have learned that the patients have attended the Sunday-School in their boyhood, and this fact assists me in my efforts to impress truth on their minds. The average number of patients is, I think, from 80 to 90. Dr. SAWTELLE, U. S. Surgeon in charge, has in all my interviews with him been exceedingly kind and courteous.

“ A few facts falling under my observation may prove of interest to you.

“ From May, 1875, until the closing of the Retreat in July, 1882, I was the chaplain of the institution. During the last three months I have found among the patients several who have enjoyed my ministerial services in former years.

Led to Jesus.

"Conversing with a Swedish seaman, I asked him whether he did not wish a Testament in his native language. 'No, sir,' said he, 'I have one you gave me in 1876.' He added that the perusal of that volume had been the means of leading him to the Savior, and that for a number of months he had been indulging a hope in Christ.

"In one of the wards I found a native of Scotland, a man in middle life—of prepossessing appearance, evidently intelligent. I soon discovered that he was an inquirer for the truth, 'groping (as he told me afterwards) for Christ.' It pleased God to bless the instructions I was permitted to give him to the illumination of his mind and his salvation. His health improved, though he remained in the Hospital for several weeks and I had many subsequent opportunities for very satisfactory and gratifying conversations with him. He left during the last week purposing to follow the sea no longer, but firmly determined to serve the Lord Christ wherever his lot may be cast—grateful to God for having brought him to the Hospital and there having shown to him the path of life.

A Chapel Needed.

"Other instances of a hopeful blessing on the instructions here received might be given.—The short period of my labors has convinced me not only of the necessity of having some one here to care for the souls of the seamen, but of the hopefulness of a blessing on efforts for their conversion. Could we only have a chapel—with an organ for Sabbath services—much might be effected to the glory of God."

Oregon.

PORTLAND.

Readers of the MAGAZINE will greatly enjoy the letter of chaplain R. S. STUBBS, dated October 10th, '83. He says:—

"We are very busy. God is blessing our efforts. Great numbers of seamen and steamboat men are at the Home; besides these we have many 'longshoremen' boarding and lodging with us. I am the recognized shipping master of the Home. We are shipping whole crews for American and English ships to the discomfiture of the sailor boarding house men and

their numerous henchmen. By misrepresentations, falsehoods, intimidations, and drugs they are combining and threatening our destruction. One of the most notorious of this class told me a few days since that 'they would make it very uncomfortable, up-hill work for me; 'they would let me see,' &c.

"Regardless of these combinations and threats the Lord prospers us, and during the past month the Home has shown a gratifying measure of prosperity. Its credit among business men is of the very best. We have also testimonials from American and British ship-masters expressive of the perfect satisfaction we have given in supplying their vessels with crews. Here is a specimen:—

"This is to certify that Mr. R. S. Stubbs, of the Mariner's Home, in Portland, has furnished and delivered my crew on board, at this place, to my entire satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend him to others.

R. S. DAVIS,
Master of bark C. S. Hurlburt.
Astoria, Oregon, July 29th, 1883.'

"We still deeply deplore the desolations wrought among seamen at this port by the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, but we are putting forth strenuous and tireless efforts to rescue and to save our brothers of the sea from this dire curse.

At the Bethel.

"The Bethel adjoins our beautiful Home, and is connected by a covered bridge. Here we are holding five night meetings every week,—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,—and we most earnestly solicit the prayers of God's children of every name, for us and for our great field. Our meetings are generally well attended. The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are doing an excellent work at the Bethel. They hold their services every Friday evening, and many persons take the pledge and are turned to the Lord by these estimable Christian workers. In the service I am led to exclaim,—'What hath God wrought!' All praise be to God alone.

The Old Hindrances to Success.

"One of the great needs of our Homes is *confederation*, to offset *combination* on the part of the sailor-boarding-house-keepers. In this city, at Astoria, and in Tacoma, W. T., these boarding-house-keepers visit ships and ask to supply them with crews. Invariably they demand blood-money for each sailor so supplied.

If the captains suggest that they can get men from the Home without bonus, or blood-money, their reply is this:—"If you take any of your men from the Home you cannot get any from us, nor will we allow any to be put on board from our houses *unless you discharge every man supplied by the Home.*" In this way captains are intimidated and deterred from patronizing the Home. If under these circumstances we had Homes at Astoria, San Francisco, and Portland then in the event of a deficiency at one port, we could draw our quota of men from one another. Thus the Homes could compel respect from these sailor boarding house combinations, and even break them up.

What Sailors' Homes Mean.

"I am firmly of the opinion that the best welfare of our commercial marine interests hinges upon the success of the one department of the great work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, viz., the establishment of Mariner's Homes in all the chief ports of the world. And I would respectfully suggest the formation of a Christian Alliance of the Seamen's Friend Societies of the world to protect all seamen's and marine interests against the world-wide combination of sailor boarding men who now fatten, and grow insolent, by the blood-money and other fees which they annually extort from ship-owners and seamen."

Notable Correspondence.

The following is the correspondence which passed between certain gentlemen and RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., now and for years past, President of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, on the occasion of the celebration of the golden wedding of himself and Mrs. B., which took place at Bucksport, Me., September 3rd, 1883;—to which reference was made in the last issue of the MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
NEW YORK, September 3rd, 1883.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., President. &c.,
Dear Sir:—

Several of your friends, who have long been associated with you in the philanthropic and Christian work over which you so honorably preside, would unite in tendering to you at this time, an expres-

sion of their high estimate of your personal worth, and of the manifold good accomplished for the class whose welfare you have assiduously labored to promote.

We specially desire to present our congratulations on the rare and happy domestic event, which through the Divine goodness and mercy, you are permitted this day to celebrate.

We would rejoice with you, and be grateful in your great joy. And believing as we do, that the practical wisdom which has characterized your administration of affairs has largely resulted from the sympathy and helpfulness of the partner of your life, we would make this "day of gold" somewhat the richer to you, by declaring our conviction that the altar, where for fifty years you have together sought God's blessing, has doubtless been the source whence God's blessing has graciously come, alike on your life work and on your family home.

During the long period of your Trusteeship,—since 1861,—marked changes have occurred in the history of the Seamen's Cause, its agencies and its position. Many who have wrought for it are wearing their heavenly crowns! Many who have prayed for it are expectantly waiting the day when the King shall descend and assume His birth-right in the Empire of the Sea! But the present is its best day as yet! And our hope is that the decade of your Presidency may be extended for many years to come, even until you shall pass within "the golden gates" and are seated with the loved and the saved at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Affectionately yours,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
JOHN SPAULDING,
HENRY A. HURLBUT,
EDWARD D. G. PRIME,
and others.

BUCKSPORT, Me., 20th September, 1883.
To WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., and others;
Trustees, &c., of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Dear Friends:

It was a very agreeable surprise to receive, on the 3rd inst., by the hand of Dr. HALL, your very kind congratulatory letter on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our "wedded life."

Quite unworthy, as I feel myself to be, of all the kind wishes and thoughts there-

in so well expressed, I appreciate and value them very highly, and thank you all for the affectionate remembrance.

Coming, as this testimonial does, from such a source; from Christian men engaged as they have been with me for many years past, in the endeavor to elevate and save the sailor, the words are more precious than "silver or gold;" and while I trust I am grateful to God for His great goodness in preserving to me the partner of my youth for "half a century, I am sure I am thankful and rejoice that in the good work for the sailor, associates have been raised up so able, and with such fidelity, to prosecute the cause.

God bless you! **EVERY ONE!** and watch between you and me for good, until we all, through His rich grace, reach the heavenly shore, where "there shall be no more sea," and the sailor and the landsman shall unite forever in His praise!

My time on earth must be brief, which now remains;—may your useful lives long be continued to bless the world! And when each one is called, in God's own good time, to leave, may he find an "abundant entrance" into the rest that remaineth!—is the prayer of your grateful and affectionate friend and associate,

RICHARD P. BUCK.

Marine Work of the New York Bible Society.

We extract from the 59th Annual Report of this Society, issued in September '83,—DAVID S. TABER, Esq., being chairman of the Society's Marine Committee:—

"The Marine work for the past year has been as follows:—

Distribution to seamen's chapels, etc., 3,255 volumes; distribution to shipping and seamen, 14,398 volumes; distribution for foreign ports, 5,961 volumes; distribution to immigrants while on the voyage to this country, 15,237 volumes; total, 38,851 volumes.

"The following changes have been made in the performance of our work during the past year:—

"Distribution on vessels upon the Brooklyn water front, in which we have heretofore united with the Brooklyn Bible Society, is now entirely conducted by them.

"The present method of attending to immigrants at Castle Garden, by the Im-

migrant Committee, fully meeting all requirements, the work of supplying them with Bibles on the voyage to this country was discontinued in May, 1883.

Systematic district-visiting has been maintained by the agents, and on each pier. Every vessel, canal-boat, barge, lighter, or fishing schooner has received attention, and in no part of the service has there been returned a more hearty 'Thank you' than from the occupants of these smaller crafts, lying at our piers.

"The work has steadily increased, and by reference to the statistical report it will be noticed that 692 more vessels have been visited than in the previous year.

"The American Tract Society has kindly granted full supplies of tracts and papers, which have been distributed with good results.

"The following extracts from letters received by the distributing agents will illustrate the Marine work:—

"Mr. S. writes:—'I have tried to make good use of the packages of books you gave me. The Spanish people received them gladly, and I trust they may find in them the way to eternal life.'

"Mr. R. also writes:—'As you have so often put on board the vessel under my command packages of Testaments and other reading matter in Spanish, perhaps you would be interested to know how they were distributed, and with what results. I have been sailing to the port of Cienfuegos for several years, and consequently am well known there. The people are aware that your Society puts reading matter on board, and they often come or send for it.'

"A lady who has a boarding and day-school sends for Testaments and Tracts, and has them read in the school and distributes them to the scholars, some of whom come from the country. I asked the lady how it was that she, being a Roman Catholic, sought for Protestant Testaments. She replied that she was brought up in the Romish faith, but as she grew older and commenced reading the books received from your Society, she first had doubts, and then became convinced that her early teaching did not suit her mind, and therefore now took every opportunity to learn more.

"Another mode of distributing is by giving packages to engineers who take off the sugar crop, they giving them to people on the sugar estates, who eagerly read them.

"I can plainly see a change in the minds of the people there in regard to

Romanism, and it is mainly brought about by reading the works which you and your co-laborers have been so constantly distributing.'

"Mr. V. writes:—'I have been employed at the Custom House at Ciudad Bolívar for two years past. The first Testament received from your Society I gave to my young brother, who took it to school, and upon showing it, his schoolmaster asked for it, and also for more if he could get them. Having obtained some from another vessel in port, I sent them to the schoolmaster. Since that date the New Testament has been the text-book used in the Doctrine and Catechism classes in that private school.'

"A letter has been received from the schoolmaster thanking me for the books, and stating that there has been a marked improvement in the moral and religious instruction among the scholars since they obtained possession of the true Word of God.

"There is a continued demand for Testaments here.'

"Among the daily visits along the water front of this city we note the following experiences of our agents:—

"Mr. W. G. Jones states:—'Visited Spanish schooner *Fortuna*. The captain asked what I wanted, and I opened my collection of Bibles and Testaments. His reply was,—'You are the man I want: come with me into the cabin.' There he showed an old and well-worn Testament given him more than six years ago, when he was a sailor. He said:—'The more I read it, the more I long to know more of it, and I prize it, old and worn as it is, more than anything I have:—for in it I learned that there is only one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. I want a Bible, now that I am here, for I may never be here again, and I'll gladly pay you for one.'

"Visited Italian bark *Giovannina*. The captain said:—'I am glad to see you. I have a Bible given by you three years ago, and I read it and enjoy it. I also read it to my men, but they look upon me with horror, and two have ran away from the ship while in port because I read this Bible.'

"Mr. K. W. Kraemer, in addition to his duties at Castle Garden, states that he has supplied 174 German vessels with Testaments, which is nearly double the amount of last year, and that they have been thankfully received.

"Mr. Ernst Jackson states that, be-

sides the labors among the immigrants, he has supplied 262 Scandinavian vessels with Testaments.

"The following extracts are from his journal of visits on board vessels:—

"I am often taken for a peddler by those who have never been in this harbor before, but when I come to them with the Bible I am always welcomed. As a class they generally appreciate the Word of God, and are willing to buy Testaments as far as their means will allow.'

"On board bark *P.*—'I gave a sailor a Bible, which he promised to pay for when he could obtain money from the captain; returning to the pier a few days afterwards, the sailor had been discharged, but had left the money with the mate to find me and pay for the Bible.'"

Mr. ALBERT C. ARNOLD has been engaged as the Office Agent of the Society, and now has charge of its Room in the Bible House, representing the general interests of the Society.

WE ARE PLEASED TO SEE by the *London (Eng.) Christian*, that Miss AGNES WESTON of Devonport, England, whose notable career is portrayed elsewhere in the present issue of the MAGAZINE, in addition to her other labors on behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships, now writes a monthly letter to fishermen. It will be distributed among the thousands of men engaged in the North Sea fisheries, through the agency of the Thames Church Mission.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER to the United States Secretary of War for 1880 is a huge "Pub. Doc." of 1,120 pages, just at hand from the Government Office in Washington; illustrated by maps, storm-records, etc., replete with special information of much interest and value.

MR. GEORGE T. WILLIAMS, of Boston, has our thanks for the transmission of a special collection of \$17.42, amount collected for our work on the steamer *Britannia*, in September, on the passage from Liverpool to this country.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 140
 Deposited for safe keeping..... \$1,755
 of which \$608 was sent to relatives and friends, \$140 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$953 was returned to boarders.

Planets for November, 1883.

MERCURY is a morning star during the forepart of this month, rising on the 1st at 5h. 16m., and south of east $9^{\circ} 39'$; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 29th at 5 o'clock, being $4^{\circ} 11'$ south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 24m., and south of west $23^{\circ} 28'$; is not in conjunction with the Moon during this month.

MARS on the morning of the 1st is due south at 6h. 4m., being at this time $19^{\circ} 38'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 20th at 47m. past noon, being $7^{\circ} 31'$ north.

JUPITER on the morning of the 1st is due south at 5h. 48m., being $19^{\circ} 36'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 19th at 2h. 17m., being $5^{\circ} 47'$ north; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 21st.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 1h. 49m., being $19^{\circ} 47'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with Tauri on the 1st at midnight, being $3^{\circ} 30'$ north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 15th at 20m. past noon, being $1^{\circ} 2'$ north, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 28° and 71° south latitude; is in opposition to the Sun at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 28th; at this time it is at its greatest brilliancy.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for September, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hanover, Cong. ch., Dartmouth College..... \$ 15 37
 Mason, Cong. church..... 10 82
 Swanzey, Cong. church..... 6 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, schr. A. H. Edwards, Capt. Dotridge..... 2 10
 Boxford, W. P. Alcott..... 5 00
 Buckland, Mrs. Sally Gillett, of wh. \$20 for a loan lib'y, and \$780 to const. the following L. M's: George W. Hodges, Mrs. Williard Hodges,

Miss Amy M. Hodges, Miss M. Louise Hodges, Miss Fannie L. Hodges, Mrs. Laura E. Britton, Mrs. Fred. Wilcox, Levi Hodges, Miss Helen R. Hodges, Mrs. Josiah Brewer, Mrs. Charles Owen, Edward J. Merrill, Mrs. Mary E. Bigelow, Charles Merrill, Levi Smith, Dr. J. Trow, E. J. Stockwell, E. H. Leavitt, Mrs. Charles Leavitt, Mrs. J. P. Merriam, Mrs. A. F. Kendrick, Dea. Charles Howes, Mrs. A. W. Graham, L. B. Ruddock, F. Forbes, and H. L. Warfield.....

800 09

Conway, Mrs. D. Ives, for the sailors..... 1 00
 Danvers, Maple St. church..... 16 61
 Dunstable, Cong. church..... 15 75
 Florence, Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for library..... 34 20
 Gilbertville, Cong. church..... 16 59
 Ipswich, 1st church and Society..... 16 27
 Mattapoisett, Union Meeting..... 5 00
 Northfield, Mount Hermon Missy Soc'y, for the Northfield Boys' Library, per Miss M. L. Hammond, Treasurer..... 20 00
 Rockland, Cong. ch., in full, to const. R. I. Lane, L. M..... 25 00
 Royalston, Cong. church..... 8 61
 Salem, Tabernacle church..... 23 76
 Sharon, Cong. ch. S. S., of wh. \$20 for a loan library..... 27 12
 South Egremont, Cong. church..... 20 00
 Southville, Cong. church..... 4 00
 Templeton, Cong. S. S., towards lib'y Wareham, V. L. Vinery, \$..... 10 00
 West Newbury, Cong. ch., of wh. J. E. Ridgeway \$20, for library..... 24 68
 Whately, Cong. church..... 28 38
 8 04

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Beneficent Cong. ch. S. S., for a loan library..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, 3rd church..... 18 00
 New London, Church of Christ..... 11 06
 New Milford, Ladies' Mite Soc'y..... 10 00
 North Haven, Cong. church..... 44 86
 Norwich, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. class, No. 17, for a loan lib'y in its name..... 20 00
 Thompson, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00
 West Hartford, Mrs. Sarah W. Boscwell, for library..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

New York City, R. M. Olyphant..... 20 00
 S. M. A. & Co..... 5 00
 N. L. Atwood..... 5 00
 Archibald Baxter..... 5 00
 Charles A. Buckley..... 5 00
 Hugh Auchincloss..... 5 00
 Francis Baker..... 5 00
 A. C. Hall..... 5 00
 Capt. J. B. Newcomb, of bark *J. B. Newcomb*, for library work..... 2 00
 Poughkeepsie, Ref. church..... 29 50
 Sing Sing, Pres. church..... 32 00

NEW JERSEY.

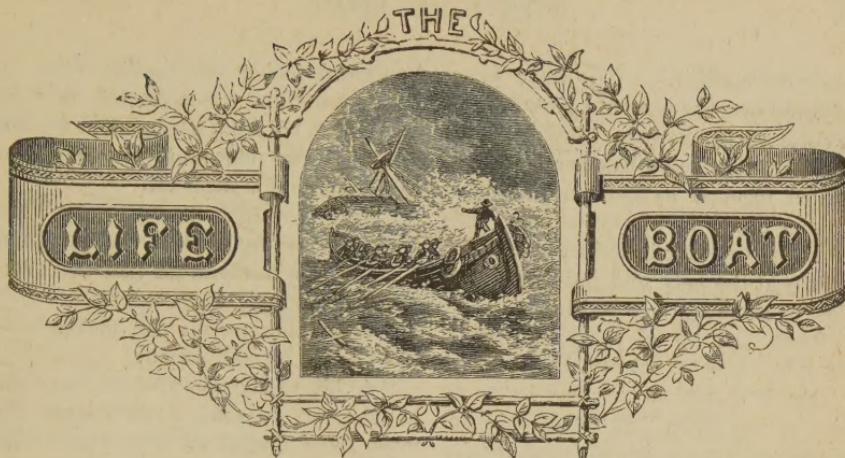
Beverly, Rev. R. Taylor, towards lib..... 10 00
 Newark, High St. Pres. church..... 41 45
 South Orange, 1st Pres. church..... 37 00

OHIO.

Cincinnati, Katherine Stewart, for library..... 20 00

PORTO RICO.

Arroyo, Mrs. Susan W. Lind..... 10 00
 \$1,589 67



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Who Is To Die?

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"Stand by to lower the boat!" shouted the Captain; and then he muttered, gloomily, to himself,—"It's our only chance now."

It was, indeed. For three days the French brig *St. Pierre*, homeward bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had fought against as fierce a gale as ever swept around the stormy Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them. As Captain Picard turned round from giving his orders he found himself suddenly face to face with a pale, delicate-looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up the after-hatchway with a little boy in her arms.

Poor Madame Lachaux! she might well look worn and sad. Her husband had gone home, an invalid; her only daughter had died a few weeks before; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, Death in his worst form was hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her as gently

as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed her child convulsively in her arms.

"Ma'am'selle no fear," said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment;—"old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri, too.—Monsieur Henri, come to Achilli?"

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the captain in lowering Madame Lachaux into the boat, which was fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one

danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out; and, crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:—

“Better get rid of them that can’t work than of them that can, anyhow,”

“Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them,” growled another. “If the boat’s got to be lightened, *they’re* the ones to go.”

The captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

“Look, see, you men,” cried Achille:—“you want lighten boat. Black man heavier than white lady. Suppose you swear let Madame and Monsieur Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!”

It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their mistress’s hand and embracing little Henri with a quiet “Good-by, little master,” plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, while the gale began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Lachaux safe in her husband’s house at Lyons.

Three months later madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea-air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than hot, dusty Lyons. The child and his mother (this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux himself) were sitting on a bench under the trees of the

boulevard facing the harbor, when the lady’s attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

“And now that they *are* here,” said he, as if finishing a story, “I don’t know what to do with them, for they don’t even know where their mistress lives.”

“Where did you say you picked them up?” asked his companion.

“A bit to the sou’west of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Senegal negroes I offered to put ‘em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistress, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they’re to find her, *I* can’t think, for they know nothing except that her name’s Madame Lachaux.”

“And here she is,” broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful negroes (thus rescued as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their “little Monsieur Henri” with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.—*Harper’s Young People.*

Boys Wanted.

What kind of boys are wanted in stores, counting rooms and offices to take the place, in time, of the merchants and shipmasters who are so active to-day? Let me tell you a few of the traits needed.

First, boys that know how to obey orders. It is said that the famous General Havelock set out for a walk in London one morning, taking with him his son Henry, about twelve years old. On his return his wife exclaimed:

“General, where is Henry?”

"I left him on Thames bridge this morning, telling him to await my return," he replied.

Hurrying back to the bridge the boy was found walking up and down, up and down, waiting as he had been told. All the long day the boys had jeered at him, called him names, pointed at him, and now, touching his hat to his father, he was ready for home.

During a famous battle between the French and English the British commander gave orders to an officer, with his regiment, to guard a certain bridge and remain there till ordered to march. The battle raged fiercely, now one army retreating, and then the other forced back, till the officer could wait no longer, but gave orders to "march," and joined in the thickest of the fight. He was brave and did good service, but Napoleon crossed that bridge and escaped. After the battle the commander called the officer into his presence, and breaking his sword, stripping him of his honor, disgraced him. Severe, was it? He should have remained upon the bridge till the timbers fell into the river, unless ordered away. The kind of boys needed must learn to obey.

Secondly, boys must be able to say "No," and mean it. Nine out of ten boys who fail to rise in the world lack the will-power to brave a sneer and to resist temptation.

In the third place, boys need help. They ought to be Christians, and not fear to let their companions know it. Twenty years ago a boy in Boston had a good situation, with excellent prospects, but gave it up because he would not do wrong to please his employer, though there were several dependent upon him at home. He was desirous of pleasing the merchant, but he served and trusted in a better Master. To-day he is respected and wealthy, and occupies several positions of honor.

Boys are needed everywhere who are prompt, honest, faithful Christians. All such will find favor here and a crown hereafter.—*Congregationalist.*

Luther's Cradle Song.

The following Hymn, composed by Martin Luther for his children, is still sung by many of the German mothers to their little ones.

Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
To watch lullaby.

Which Was the Fool?

There was once a certain lord, who,—as a great man did in the old days,—kept a fool in his house to amuse by jests and antics. His master gave this fool a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with some one who was a greater fool than himself, and if he met with such a one to deliver it over to him. Not many years after his lord was on his sick-bed. His fool came to see him, and was told by the dying master that he must shortly leave him.

"And whither dost thou propose to go?" said the fool.

"Into another world," replied the lord.

"And wilt thou come back again within a month?"

"No."

"Within a year?"

"No."

"When, then?"

"Never."

"Never? And what provision hast thou made concerning thy entertainment in the place whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"What!" said the fool; "none at all? Then take my staff. Art thou going away forever and yet has made no preparation for the journey? I am not guilty of such a folly as that."

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During September, 1883, fifty-four loan libraries, twenty-two new and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,784-7,798, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,881-7,887, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| No. 4,451, | No. 5,076, | No. 5,783, | No. 6,637, | No. 6,864, | No. 7,074, | No. 7,307, | No. 7,494, |
| " 4,457, | " 5,155, | " 6,003, | " 6,789, | " 6,900, | " 7,124 | " 7,394, | " 7,561, |
| " 4,503, | " 5,163, | " 6,161, | " 6,834, | " 6,978, | " 7,237, | " 7,486, | " 7,602, |
| " 4,633, | " 5,330, | " 6,411, | " 6,857, | " 7,000, | " 7,267, | " 7,489, | " 7,820. |

An Anecdote of Dean Stanley.

About three years ago, on Whit-Monday—one of those occasions when the Dean delighted to mingle with the groups in the Abbey, drawing their attention to points of interest and beauty that might have been missed by working-men, or explaining the history of particular monuments—a woman and her two children, boy and girl, were lingering round Henry the Seventh's Chapel. They were not exactly belonging to the artisan class, but poor, evidently, and with an air of struggling respectability. As they chanced to come near the Dean, who had been talking to others, the woman timidly asked him if it was "true that some little princes were buried in the Abbey." Immediately he took them to the Chapel where are deposited the remains of the two princes murdered in the Tower, and spent some little time talking to the children, especially asking if they were learning English history at school, upon which the mother answered with pride, pointing to the boy:—"Oh, yes, he learns his lessons, and he is going to be a preacher!"

The quick sympathy of Dean Stanley was roused at once, and with that enthusiasm which kindles young minds and is never lost upon children, he said:—"Then he ought to see John Wesley's monument—come with me." We followed him to the aisle where the monument is placed, one of many others added during Dean Stanley's time, and there he pointed out, to the small, white-faced boy of twelve years old or so, the image of the man he was to emulate, and spoke of the goodness, earnestness, and zeal of Wesley. Surely the enthusiasm with which it was done, shown in voice and manner, can never be forgotten by those children, and was as characteristic of the man we mourn, as was the quickness of his unfailing sympathy.
—*London Spectator.*

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